

Skycamefalling, Shallow Like Sand

Trees fall like iron on their way down.
We bury our hands in their hearts and waste away again.
Because I have tried to turn words to stone.
Tried to fight the day with my eyes closed.
Cut away at questions until my tongue bled.
Held in answers until I lost my breath.
Sink in, shallow like sand.
I will not wear this blood on my hands,
so shake that halo from your head.
We have been down this road before,
grasped at all the same straws.
Eyes that catch the light, and burn up our insides.
These butterflies with wings of glass that shatter mid air.
I'm afraid that this fever has gotten to us again.
Your splintered words have gauged my soul.